

A N
E L E G Y,
O N

Doctor Sancroft, Arch Bishop of Canterbury.

Rouse up my Sluggish Muse, awake from Sleep,
And Summons all true Hearts to mourn and
For now the Churchs Wound is very deep. (weep,

Sancroft's no more, that is a dismall Sound,
His Pear I fear is now not to be found,
Were we to Search the Universe quit Round.

This is the worst of news that's come to Town,
Since Absolom did Seize his Fathers Crown,
And all the Rules of Justice did put Down.

Let Church, and Altars, all be hung with Black,
Let her true Sons Lament and cry a lack,
Our Sins have caused God to turn his back.

He hid his Face, and says he will not hear.
The Wicked when they Cry and make their Prayer,
Englands destruction then draws near I fear.

A King Depos'd, our Holy High-Priest Dead,
A Famin Reigns far worse then that of Bread,
Such Judgments must strike all with fear and dread.

Oh! Barbarous and Cruel, ridged, Fate,
Three Kingdoms Mourn for what ye've done of late,
In plucking down the Prop, of Church and State.

Sancroft, the Pious, Learned, Wise, and Good,
When Hell broke loose, and Treason like a Flood,
Did Loyalty o'rwhelm, he bravely Stood.

When for the Storm no Ship cou'd Safely Ride,
When the Winds and Waves did Rore on every side,
He like a Skilfull Pylot Stem'd the Tide.

And like a House that's built upon a Rock,
Unshaken and unmov'd, he bore the Shock;
And like a Faithfull Shepherd, fed his Flock.

When to be Loyal, Honest, Just, and True,
Was such a Crime, that Thousands from it flew;
He gave to God, and Caesar, both their dew.

He no man wrong'd, nor to his Dissolution,
Nothing cou'd shake his Heavenly Resolution,
Or make him own this Cursed Revolution.

But for the rest, I mean, the Purjur'd train,
They God, the King, and Trueth forsake for gain,
But to all Three, he firmly did Remain.

Tho he knew well, in a short time he must,
From his High Holy Office down be thrust,
In Spite of danger still, he wou'd be Just.

Just to himself to God and to his King,
Nor cou'd the World him temp to do a thing,
That would a Scandal on Religion bring.

All that I've said is not the Thousand part,
Of what is true and dwe to his Defart,
Who had a God-like Soul, and Dove-like Heart.

No Gall or Guile within him cou'd be found,
An Israelite indeed whose Faith was sound;
His Hope and Charity did much a bound.

Like to his Lord he did forgive his Foes,
And whilst he liv'd he pray'd, even for those,
That did his Master and himself Depose.

And for those Shepherds who had led a stray,
The harmless Sheep, he constantly did Pray,
That Heaven wou'd turn'em back to the right way.

His Piety was Great, his Courage, Brave,
Skilful in all things, but how to Deceive,
These Vertues all he Carried to his Grave.

Oh! there he's gon! he's gon! and with all,
That's truly good or we cou'd Vertues call;
Here I must Stop, to let a Tear down fall,

A Tear, were there a Fountain in each Eye,
Of Springing waters I wou'd weep 'em dry,
As justly dwe to Sancroft's, Obsequie.

He was the Chief and best of Priests indeed,
What Eye won't shed a Tear, what Heart won't bleed
When they his mornful Elegy shall Read.!

His Epitaph.

All Loyal Souls, when you draw near
This Holy place, pray drop a Tear,
For Sacred Sancroft's Trunk lies bear.

That is the same it was at First,
From Earth it came and so it must,
Again Return, and be made Dust.

But for his Holy Pious Soul,
'Twas found Register'd in Heavens Roul,
And there 'tis gone without Centroul.

In spite of all Hells Crew, Accurst,
He now does Tryumph with the Just,
For being Faithful to his Trust.